"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

The Experiences of the Blue Jay Mess.

TOCSIN OF WAR.

cibles."

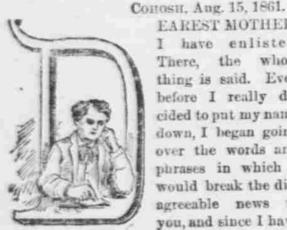
FOR WASHINGTON.

First Lessons in the Hard along with them excellently. School of the Soldier.

BY JOHN M'ELROY, Author of "Andersonville; a Story of Southern Prisons"; "A File of Infantrymen"; "The Red Acorn "; "Reminiscences of an Army Mule,

> [COPYRIGHT, 1890.] LETTER I.

TAKING THE DECISIVE STEP. CARRIES OUT HIS DECISION-BREAKS THE NEWS TO HIS MOTHER-INTRODUCTION TO HIS COMPANY.



EAREST MOTHER: I have enlisted. There, the whole thing is said. Even before I really decided to put my name down, I began going over the words and phrases in which I would break the disyou, and since I have taken the decisive

step I have sought even more anxiously for those which would state it least harshly. One roundabout sugar-coating of an unpleasant announcement after another has been thought out and discarded, until at last I decided to tell it frankly and plumply. It had to be told at last, and might as well be at first.

Dear mother, I am not in the least unmindful of the pain this will give you, and yet I am sure that you, as well as I, have for some time regarded it as inevitable. I could not stay back when everybody else was responding to the country's call, and I am confident that you would not, after all, have had me. The men of your family and of father's have fought in every war in which this country has been engaged. If poor, dear father were alive he would be one of the foremost in rallying to the support of the Government against its traitorous assailants. Why should I be backward? You will persist in thinking me but a child, forgetting that I am past 18, the age of your father when he crossed bayonets with the grenadier at Lundy's Lane, and overcame through the shoulder. Dislike to leaving since the first call was made.

The lessons I had carefully conned the night before lost all their importance for me. The text-books I carried seemed hateful fetters. chaining me to dull slavery.

I sat down in the study-room and tried to fix my mind on my calculus, but my thoughts would wander away to where the mighty hosts were marshaling along the man baker, says wearily:

Exis Grimsted, our tutor in mathematics. called us down to the recitation room. Did you meet Ezra when you were here? He is as gentle-mannered and soft-spoken as a woman, and blushes like a girl when spoken | awful. to suddenly. While he was in the midst of an intricate demonstration on the blackboard past the Academy, seeming to make even the bright sunbeams vibrate till they sang Banner" in unison.

We all ran to the window, unrebuked by Mr. Grimsted. He even followed and stood by us, watching till they were out of sight, the company of 50 or 60 recruits parading behind the martial music and the flag.

"There's the place a man should be," he muttered, tossing the crayon idly in his hand. "What dust and dry leaves even mathematics is when the war trumpets are sounding. Young gentlemen, you can go. The recitation is finished."

"But, Mr. Grimsted," protested one, "you had only begun that demonstration. I was much interested in it. I--"

"You can go, I repeat," said Ezra, with unusual brusqueness. "We'll take it up

some other time." At noon I found myself walking toward the recruiting station, and presently found that I was alongside of Mr. Grimsted. Neither of us mentioned the thought that was uppermost in his mind, and I was not a little astonished to see him stop in front of the recruiting officer's table, study the list of names for an instant, and then picking up a pen, write his own on it with careful attention to all the usual quirks in his signature. This was the last straw needed to decide me. I took the pen from his hand and wrote my name underneath his. He looked at me with a flush of greater surprise than that with which I had witnessed his act, and impulsively put out his hand and took mine.

101 during the afternoon, and organized by as my more or less plastic nature would adthe election of Mr. Percy Wardell, a popu- mit of being molded. What a job yoular young lawyer and politician of Cohosh, and poor father before he died-used to have as Captain. He is a stylish, somewhat sometimes to get me out of my comfortable

Recruiting the "Cohosh Invin- are being raised in towns roundabout, and not disturb me though. I was so dead tired start this evening.

body in the company. They are all nice-

Dear mother, I beg that you will not grieve or worry. This is a matter which is always was. Now his airs are of the ultrano longer in our hands, but in those of Him | military type. Just because he was in camp in whom we put our trust. It is His will for a few weeks during the three months'



AT THE RECRUITING OFFICE.

that this war should come upon the country, and we must all do our parts in it as best we may. The rest-the issue of life or death for me and for you, and for all whom it may affect—is in His hands, and we must accept His will unquestioningly.

I shall write you as often as possible. Your loving son, TRACY TREMMEL.

LETTER IL.

ARRIVAL AT THE CAPITAL. JOURNEY MARKED BY ENTHUSIASM AND FATIGUE-HUNTING LODGINGS FOR THE breakfast.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 31, 1861. DEAREST MOTHER: We are here at last, in the endangered Capital of our beloved country, and I am sure that I am the tiredest boy that ever set foot in it. O, how tired I am - and so sleepy. I don't know which hurts worst-my eyes, my throat, my legs or my feet. They all just have the toothache. We cheered and yelled so incessantly, answering the crowds collected at the depot at Cohosh, and at every station this side of there, that my voice has sunk to a mere whisper, and the boys around me are just as the Britisher by a well-directed thrust intendent of the Presbyterian Sunday-school at Cohosh, is one of them. The delightful you slove, and to filling your gentle heart | tenor voice, with which he was wont to lead with anxiety for your only child, has already | the singing, is now a mere croak. Job Cartheld me back for more than three months | wright, a stalwart young farmer, whose deep bass voice first attracted my attention to Yesterday morning, as I went to the him, now only speaks, when he cannot get them by your dear hands, which I received the Academy, the drum and fife were making out of speaking, in a spiritless growl. Quin day we started, together with the fine toilet the sleepy streets of Cohosh throb and thrill | Bohannon, a young Irishman, recently arwith the wild, intoxicating music of war, rived in Cohosh, with a brogue as thick as had fallen in with-Orlando Green, Job Cartfor everything, says:

"Indade, it's intoirely spachless Oi've the batting av me ois and the moving av me lips ye cuddent hear the sound av me voice." While Herman Dinkelspiel, a young Ger-

"Ko afay, poys; ko afay. Mein throat is

We were packed into the cars like cattle. and the heat, dust and cinders were simply

We got into Washington about sundown, and since then it seems to me that we have the drum and fife came pulsing and fluting | marched a hundred miles, back and forth, up hill and down dale, north, south, east and west-hunting for the quarters which had "Yankee Doodle" and "The Star-Spangled | been assigned our regiment. At last, just when I was certain that if we went another square my legs would either double under me or my carpet-bag pull my arms out by the roots, we turned into this big barn of a building, and were told to make ourselves

comfortable for the night. If I had not promised you that I would write as soon as we got to Washington, I would curl up on the straw there, with Lan, Job, Quin and Herman, and rest my aching

I suppose that now I am a soldier I must get used to all of this, but O, dear mother, I believe that another day would kill me. There, now, don't believe that, either, for I will not have you worrying about me. I really think I have stood it much better than the other boys, and I think I can do the same in future. But if I were only in my own good bed at home I am sure I would sleep a straight week.

Good - night -dear - mother - I - am - so sleepy- Your-affectionate-son-

LETTER III.

FIRST DAY IN CAMP. A RUDE AWAKENING-MORNING TOILET WITH LIMITED APPLIANCES-FIRST BREAKFAST. NOT WELL PLEASED WITH UNCLE SAM'S

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 1, 1861. DEAR MOTHER: I was waked up this morning in more ways than one to an understanding that I was now really a soldier. The company was filled up to its quota of or in the way of being made one as rapidly

make a fine officer. Otto Vogelsong, of was waiting me. My last night's bed of me out a tin plate, on which were a half loaf exception of Ezra Grimsted, I did not know a mick, will ye?" said Quin, hitting Herman a whom all I know is that he is bookkeeper straw, without sheets or pillows, was not of bread, a slice of fat pork, some beans, a tin single person in the company when I enlisted, sounding slap on the protruding person.

Lieutenant, and Ezra Grimsted Second least. Nor was there much of a breakfast Lieutenant. We were all examined, ac- in waiting, but I was gotten up in short orcepted, signed the enlistment papers, and der. It would have made you smile to see were sworn in during the evening. We are it. At 5:30 o'clock a great cannon was fired, to be Co. A of a regiment called "The Co- and the fifes, drums and bugles for miles hosh Invincibles." The other companies around set up an awful racket. This did will join us here to-day, or on our way to that a steam-boiler might have burst near Washington, whither we shall probably me without disturbing my slumber. But Burt Connors, who is Orderly-Sergeant, So far I am very well pleased with every- jerked me up on end, and yelled in my ear:

"Why in thunder don't you wake up and appearing fellows, and think I shall get fall in? Don't you hear the reveille? Fall in for roll-call, in short meter." I was quite small. I believe you know Burt, and how airy he

service, he puts on lots of soldier-frills over us boys who have had no experience. I am going to make it my principal aim to be a better soldier than he is, get above him, and pay him back for some of his aggravating assumption of superiority.

It would have made you laugh to see us when we fell in. Nobody was more than half-awake, and did not want to be awake at all; everybody's face was as dirty as the dust and soot of a long railroad ride could make it, and his hair was sticking out 40 ways for Sunday. And the line was crookeder than a grapevine. Burt Connors got madder than ever.

"Dress up, there! Confound you all, dress up! Here, Quin Bohannon, where are you going?" he yelled.

"Going to get me coat," said Quin. "Didn't ye say to dress up, and how the divil can Oi do it widout me coat? Ye pulled me out in such a hurry that Oi didn't hey toime to put it on.'

Everybody laughed and shouted, as everybody always does at whatever Quin says or does. This outburst put us all in better humor with ourselves and things in general-all but Burt Connors; he was getting more worried every

"Come back into line at once," he shouted Now, fellows, for heaven's sake, do try to straighten up and get into some sort of shape, so's you won't look so much like a worm-fence struck by lightning. Don't you see those fellows over there laughing at us? But after five minutes of fuming and fretting

Burt had to give it up for a bad job. He called the roll, which showed that of all the 101 we had started from Cohosh with were present, when he dismissed us to wash and get ready for

It seems that Capt. Wardell and Lieut. Vogelsong had gone into the city to stay at a friend's house, while Ezra Grimsted had remained behind to look after the baggage, which left Burt Conners in command of the company.

Such a time as we had getting washed and ombed! Uncle Sam seems to be overwhelmed by the number of his nephews he is suddenly called upon to entertain, and the toilet appli ances are even ruder and more insufficient than the lodgings he furnished as last night. The only water to be had was some that had been hauled up in barrels and unloaded in front of the shed where we had slept. But few could get around the barrels at a time. Of basins, soap, towels and combs there were none.

'This bates all the taverns Oi iver did shtop at," said Quin, as he stood waiting for his turn to take a dip at the barrel; "feather-beds made badly off. Orlando Green, the young Super- av wind. Puts me in moind av me father's av shtrah, wid ticks, shates and pillers made castle in ould Oireland, which the bogies charmed till ye can say nothing on the ground out wan room wid mud walle and a thatched

We had a few tin cups among us, and with these dipt the water out of the barrels, and poured it on our hands. I remembered the nice towels, with my name embroidered on soap. I got these out of my carpet-sack, intending to only let them be used by the boys I boarding-house pie-crust, and a merry jibe wright, Quin Bohannon and Herman Dinklespiel. But everybody wanted them so badly that it seemed mean to refuse anyone. There was not soap and water enough to take the been for the last six hours. If it wuz n't for grime off anybody's face, so the boys rubbed most of it off on the towels, and I soon had the mortification of seeing all my nice soap gone, and your dainty white towels so black and dirty that I was almost ashamed to pick them up out of the mud, into which some of the ungrateful whelps threw them. But they were your gift to me, and I gathered them all up, seek. I says nuttings to nopody till she kets | and will have them washed out nice and cleanif that can ever be done-as soon as I can get



THE FIRST BREAKFAST.

Before we were near through scrubbing ourselves the drums beat and the bugles sounded, and Burt Connors shouted:

"Fall in for breakfast, and be quick about ribly hungry, faced to the right, and marched off to where we could see three or four thousand more standing. We discovered that the head of the line was slowly passing a shed, from a hole in the side of which each man was handed his breakfast as he stept up. But old age seemed coming on us faster than that slow line moved. We stood there for an hour without getting 100 yards nearer the longed-for aperture whence issued our military manna, It was passed down the line that the bread had given out, and they were waiting till another wagon-load could be brought. After we had | tively, retired to a corner of the shed, pulled a got started again it was fully another hour before we got up near the hole in the cook-house. out of the other, and devoured the one as he All this time thousands of others were crowd- studied the other. ing into line behind us, grumbling savagely because we did not move up faster. The sun

in the flouring-mills here, and a particular what you would call comfortable, but I felt knife, fork and speon. The bill-of-fare, with reciting my mathematics to him. But accifriend of Capt. Wardell's, was elected First that I wanted to stay in it for a week at the same style of tableware, were served dental though it was, I could not have found looked around for some place to sit down and eat. We were out in a great big field, without a bit of shade or a seat of any kind for half a mile. There seemed to be nothing else than to on the ground, with no shelter from the broiling sun. The ground was covered with weeds, coarse grass, and a kind of wild garlie, with stems about as big as a wheatstraw. When we bruised this by sitting or stepping on it, it been able to bear the taste or smell of onions since I was made ill by over-eating them when

> I spilled part of my breakfast trying to learn idea how hard it is until you try it. It looks | nic of the Presbyterian Sunday-school, and be-



THE FIRST DRILL.

it without difficulty, when I was smaller, and played mumblepeg and jackstraws. Burt Counors said it was the easiest thing in the world to learn, and when I got as used to it as he was I would rather sit that way than on a chair. The superior airs that Burt gives himself are sometimes almost unbearable. I'll bet that I'll know more about soldiering than he does when I've been half as long in the army

Hungry as I was, I could eat but little of the strong, coarse food. I devoured the bread, nibbled a few of the greasy beans, sipt a mouthful or two of the black, sickeningly-sweet coffee, and threw the rest away. "You won't do that a month from now,"

said Burt, in his know-it-all way. - "Then you'll scrape the platter clean, and howl for As if I could ever eat fat pork and drink bit-

ter, black coffee, without a drop of milk in it. I just hate the war, and wish that the yellow fever or cholera would break out among the rebels and sweep off every one of the traitors, I looked around me, and the sight was almost worth coming this far to see. Can you imagine a field almost as big as Grandpa's whole farm, covered with men and boys, in all sorts

of clothes, sitting around on the ground, eating breakfast off tin platters? It beat all the picnics and mass-meetings that I ever saw. When we were all through, Burt Conners made the Company fall in again, and marched us back to the other side of the cook-house, where we threw our cups, plates, knives, forks and spoons into a pile. They were gathered up by gaugs of negroes, who washed them in tubs

house, to be served out again to those who came after us. I asked Burt: "Sergeant, is that the way it will be when we get regularly into camp? Will we have nogroes to cook for us, and wash our dishes? He looked at me as if he would wither me,

of hot water, and passed them into the cook-

"Well, you are certainly the greenest thing that ever escaped frost-biting! No; of course nice mess you'll make of your cooking and washing, I expect. Lord, what a time I'm going to have, teaching you young cubs to be soldiers. I feel like throwing up my position | stroll away again. every time I think of it." "Don't do it, Boss," said Job Cartwright, sar-

eastically. "The papers say that Gen. Scott talks of resigning. The country can't stand the strain o' losing both of you at once." Burt replied with a savage look.

We marched back to our sleeping-shed and threw ourselves on the straw, where we rested. talked and slept until afternoon, when we fell in again, answered to our names, and were marched over to the cook-house for another meal, which was a repetition of the first, with the same tiresome methods of obtaining it. When we went out into the field which served us as a dining-room we found the ground so dirty from the victuals which had been thrown away that we could not sit down, and had to take our food as did the man who sat down on the rake-teeth-that is, standing. Again I ate nothing but the bread, with a potato, cooked any motion toward drilling the company, he with its jacket on, which replaced the beans, and drank a sip or two of the coffee. After we had marched back to the shed, a man came along selling pies-or what he called pies. There was a rush for him, and I managed to get one, for which I paid him a quarter, If that man saves his money he will be rich in a

While I was reading to the boys a paper I lace. How fine they looked. Solomon in all mathematics. Just listen." his glory might have gotten points from them lawyer you used to see about the streets of Cohosh, nor the flouring-mills book-keeper in Lieut, Vogelsong. They seemed to be quite as much imprest with their stunning appearance as anybody else, moved about with much stiffness and dignity, were careful to speak to and | will now please form in line." of each other as "Captain" and "Lieutenant," and were far from being as sociable with us as they were when they were asking us to put our names down on the enlistment papers. Of course they could not damage their fine raiment by sleeping with us on the straw, and after giving Burt general directions to "look We all got into a higgledy-piggledy line out carefully for the men, and see that they again, and that very quickly, for we were ter- staid in camp," returned to the house in the men, the first step is to assume the position of city where they had ledgings,

Ezra Grimsted came in a little later, attired in a modest suit of blue-blouse, vest, pantashoulder straps, but he was quite as unpretentions and quiet-mannered as when he appeared before the great blackboard at the Academy to hear the class in mathematics. He inquired how we had passed the night, how we had fared during the day, asked Job and Lan Green if there was room for him to sleep with our squad that night, and being answered affirmasandwich out of one pocket and a book of tactics

aristocratic man, and, it is thought, will bed, though I knew that a nice breakfast hole, and a brawny, none-too-clean hand passed ship was wholly accidental, since, with the

cup of strong, black, sweetened coffee, and a and my acquaintance with him was confined to to the rest of my companions, and we were six boys whom I could like better, notwithshoved ahead by the hungry crowd behind. standing that every one of them is as unlike | the whole company laughed. We fell out of line as we passed the hole, and | me and unlike each other as can be well im-

When I took my seat in the car it was beside a stalwart young fellow, of farmer-like appearance, with pleasant, sun-burned face, tightlyfollow the example of the others, so we walked | curling brown hair, hazel eyes, and broad over to the nearest vacant spot and sat down flat | shoulders, who introduced himself as Job Cartwright. In the course of conversation I found out that his father owns a fine farm a few miles from Cohosh, and I have since learned, what I order in ranks. Everybody keep silent and might have known from his appearance, that he was a leader among the young fellows of gave out a strong garlicky edor, which nearly bis neighborhood, and had made a record in made me sick. You know that I have never | Cohosh by thrashing the town bully in a fair, | toes turned outward; heels close together. stand-up fight.

In the seat opposite was a tall, slender, mildfaced young man, with hair sleekly combed behind his ears and clothes studiously neat. I | every man, without turning his head, cast his how to sit flat on the ground. You have no remembered having seen him managing a picvery easy, and it seems to me that I used to do | ing particularly struck with his sweet tenor voice, when he led the singing. I understood | Right dress." that his name was Orlan to Green, and that he date, mild way, he seemed to be quite in earnest bus, blue-eyed, brawny-armed, with hair of his hand, and fiery red, and a drollery that bubbled as naturally as rills in Springtime.

In the seats across the aisle were Herman quick hands and eyes; and Webster Dallas, a is? Maybe it was Gen, McClellan himself," little but looked many things.

became by tacit but unanimous consent the | said Lan Green, in his sweet, high tenor: leader of the little band into which we allied

which had arisen in all our minds, "we'll all stick together through thick and thin, whatever bappens. You all stand by me, and I'll stand by you, and we'll make some of these other fellows look sick."

At one of the stations where we stopt, some one tried to start the "Star Spangled Banner," but did not succeed very well. Lan Green instantly took up the National anthem in his pure, sweet tenor, Job thundered in with the bass, Quin and Herman contributed the baritone, and the rest of us came in strong on the chorus, making an effect which the crowd cheered to the echo, Great Byonny Visty, he sings like a blue ay," said Job, looking admiringly at Lan after we had finished.

"Boys, that's what we'll call ourselves-the Blue Jays. The blue jay's the prettiest, smartest, sassiest, boldest, liveliest little cuss that the woods holds. We'll be the Blue Jays of the Cohosh Invincibles."

The name has stuck to us, and so you will know whom I mean when I use it, I expect I shall have something of more im-

portance to tell you when next I write. Your loving son,

LETTER IV.

"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC."

CONTENT AT THE LITTLE PROGRESS-SPECU-LATIONS AS TO THE FUTURE-LIEUT, GRIM-STED TRIES HIS HAND AT DRILLING THE

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 6, 1861. DEAREST MOTHER: Five uneventful days have passed since last I wrote you, each liketiresomely like-the one I then described to you. I confess that I am awfully disappointed at the little progress. We all supposed that as soon as we got to Washington we should be given uniforms, guns, tests and equipments. and be sent at once into Virginia. Nothing less could be expected from the hurry to get us enlisted and started for Washington. All the hurry seems to have been expended in that effort, however. We have been here nearly a week now, and not a word has been said to us about either uniforms or guns. No one has paid the least attention to us since we were marched into this old shed and told to camp own grub and washing your own dishes, and a | down. Capt. Wardell and Lieut. Vogelsong stroll out every day or so, in their radiant uniforms, casually look us over, give curt and unsatisfactory answers to our eager inquiries, and

We have talked with boys belonging to other regiments, and get nothing but discouragement. Some of them have been here two, even three weeks, and have yet neither uniforms nor guns. Just think of it! The Government has no right to waste time this way. We enlisted to fight the rebels, and put down the rebellion, and should be put to work without delay. It will break the country up to have men idling away their time in this manner. The papers say that there are 50,000 men in and around Washington. If they have lain idle an average of two weeks, they have lost an average of 12 working days each, or 600,000 in all This would make 2,000 working years of 300

days in each, or 20 years for 100 men! Ezra Grimsted seems to be the only one of our officers who takes an interest in getting us in shape for the field. As no one else made determined to make an effort at it, though all that he knows is what he has gained by a brief study of the tactics. Yesterday afternoon he called us out in the manner that he would summon a class for recitation:

"Gentlemen of the company, please fall in." Burt Counors remarked to me in an undertone of disgust:

had bought Capt. Wardell and Lieut. Vogelsong least particle of military style. Did anyone came up, dressed in brand-new uniforms, with | ever hear an order given that way? He can't a stunning quantity of bright buttons and gold | remember that he is not teaching a class in

"Gentlemen of the company," continued as to personal adornment. You would not | Ezra, in regular tutor style, "it must be apparecognize in Capt. Wardell the spruce young | rent to all of you that we should begin preparing for our duties in the field. We have been disappointed in securing a regular drillmaster, and until we can secure one, I shall endeavor to instruct you, as well as I am able, in some of the rudiments of the tactics. You As we all like him, we complied with alac-

rity, and really formed a better line than any we had made since entering camp, "That seems a very creditable alignment. young gentlemen," said he, just as he would have expressed approval of a demonstration of the third problem in Euclid. "It shows evidence of improvement. Now, young gentle-

a soldier. The tactics prescribe you shall stand erect, with stomachs drawn in, your eyes on the ground 15 paces in front of you-about this loons and cap. He had on a Second Lieutenant's | far (pacing off 15 steps)-there, let your eyes rest there. A tall, soldierly man, in plain blue clothes, without any sign of rank, stopped and looked

curiously at Ezra, with a grim smile on his severe features. "Now, young gentlemen," continued Ezra; "it further prescribes that you shall place your heels together, turn your toes out, drop your hands to your side"-

"With little fingers at seams of pantaloons," supplied Burt Connors, in a loud whisper. "Does it say little fingers at seams of pan-I want to make you better acquainted with | taloons?" said Ezra inquiringly, and referring the boys who are my immediate companions, to the book in his pocket. "Yes, little fingers was very hot, and I became so faint from hunger | Doubtless you want to know them better, and | at seams of pantaloons; thank you, Mr. Conthat I thought I should certainly drop in my I much desire that you should, for I like them | nors. With chests out, stomachs drawn in and very much, and want to be with them all the | weight of body thrown on right foot. Now,

"Don't ye know better than to be sticking out | 1

Herman gave a start and a grunt, at which The stranger frowned, and stepping forward

said to Ezra: "Lieutenant, you are not going about this CHAPMAN'S HANDS FULL right. Permit me to show you. Take your place beside me, and watch how I do it." Ezra thrust his book back and assumed a

watchful attitude. "Now, men, attention!" said the stranger, in sharp, commanding tones, "I want perfect pay strict attention to orders. Hands down to your sides; little fingers at seams of pantaloons; palms turned slightly ontward, bodies erect; Here, you men on the left, stop talking this instant! eyes straight to the front; bodies erect. Now, at the command 'right dress,' eyes to right far enough to see the buttons on the coat of the third man from him, and keep them there until he gets the command 'front,'

His tones were so imperative that we felt conwas preparing for the ministry. I was not a strained to instant obedience, and straightened little astonished at seeing him with us, for he up like ramrods. For a long half hour his did not strike me as having at all the stamina orders came like shots, as he faced us to the or the taste for such a venture. But in his se- right, left and about, "right dressed," "fronted," "marched," and "halted," until every in all that we were interested in, and chatted | muscle in our bodies was jumping, and the pleasantly with the young Irishman in the seat | sweat was pouring down our faces. Then he with him-Quin Bohannon, driver of the hotel | turned us over to Ezra again, with a wave of

"There, Lieutenant, that is the way. See that you do it so in future," and was gone. "Well, I declare, that was hard work for a Dinkelspiel, a fair-haired, "chunky" German; | fact," said Job, mopping his face; "but it seems | Cadwallader Briggs, a bricklayer, with a some- | the most like soldierin' of anything we've seen | what saturnine face and few words, but very | since we've been in camp. I wonder who he

heavy-jawed, large eyed farmer boy, who said | We can see the Virginia hills, across the Potomac, from where we are, and we watch them We shared the abundance of entables which anxiously for long stretches at a time, as if we the generous people of Cohosh had provided us | would spy out some hint of what there is in with, told each other about ourselves, talked of store for us behind those walls of green trees the future, and by the time we reached Wash- | which touch the distant skies. Last night, ington had become as intimate as if we had | after supper, we sat and studied the hill-tops known each other all for years. And Job for a long time before anyone spoke. Then

"Over there, a little farther than we can see, lies the field of our country's fate, and probably "Now, boys," said he, voicing the sentiment of our own. I wonder what God is preparing it be like?" "Yes," I said; "I suppose that over there

> somewhere will be a Brandywine, a Buena Vista or a Waterloo-something like we have ness assisted her to a chair. read of in history. Will we be able to do anything that will help win the victory for our country ? wright, "that we'll do all that boys of our

inches can do. I'll back up the Blue Jays with every shekel I have or can get. For my own part, I'm willing to tackle any man the South- or what?" ern Confederacy can trot out, and I'll back Quin against any other one. And the sooner the tussle comes the better I'll be suited. "Vell," said Herman, taking his pipe from his mouth, and blowing some very artistic

rings; "my grantfader vass a solcher unter oit Marshal Vorwaerts-Blucher, von know .- unt fought at Vaterloo. My fader was a solcher in de var of '48. I may not pe as goot a solcher as dey vere, put I'm koing to try awful hart to "Divil the bit do Oi care fwat's out there,"

broke in Quin Bohannon. "Oi'm going out there wid the rest av yeez, and take fwhat comes, bird, baste or horned divil. If it's me luck to lave me Frinch bones out there, fwy it's me luck, and that's all there is of it. A man can't get away from his luck any more'n he can from his shadow,"

Cad. Hughes's large eyes looked approval at Quin, and Web Jones leaned over and patted him on the back.

As for me, I did not attempt to express the thoughts which were in my heart. I cannot speak of them to anyone, but you, my darling nother, from whom I conceal nothing. I have always told you everything. There is nothing that I am so much afraid of as that I shall prove to be a coward when the awful day of trial comes, I shudder at the thought of being killed, and of being buried away off in some onely part of Virginia, far from father's grave and from you. I look back at the many things which have frightened me in the past, and I wonder how it can be possible that I can face all the terrible showers of cannon and musketballs, and the fierce bayoneting and sabering of which I have read such vivid descriptions. I am sometimes tortured by the fear that when the crucial test comes I shall break down and run away, and disgrace you and myself. But, then, I think I will stand it, if Job, Quin, Her man and the others do. I watch Orlando Green curiously. He has even much less of the pugnacious and rough in his nature than I have, and every day seems a crucifixion for him in his uncongenial surroundings. I think that religious faith and a strong sense of duty are what sustain him. For my own part, I feel that would rather die than have you made ashamed of me, or have it said that I had not done as well as the rest of the boys from Cobosh.

Dear mother, whenever you write speak of Agnes Braisted, and tell me all that you hear about her. I have a feeling of shame in making this request of you, and would not for the world have her know that I made such a request. I was badly hurt by the way she acted when we came away. She knows that I really world. But she only seemed anxious about Otto Vogelsong's going away, and what might happen to him. It was all the time, "What shall we do for a church choir while you are gone, Mr. Vogelsong?" and "Do not rush into danger, Mr. Vogelsong; promise me you will not. Avoid it whenever you can, because your friends here never could stand it if anything should happen to you." I tried to hint to her that some other people

were quite as likely to rush into danger as Otto Vogelsong, even if we did not have perfectly lovely little mustaches, and were not First Lieutenants. But she only laughed at me, and said that she expected I would get a pain in my side, or something else, by the time we reached Washington, and have to be sent back home. She did not think it right that the Government allowed such boys as I to be taken away from home; it was not at all nice in the Government. But, then, she did not suppose for a minute that I would be allowed to get into any real danger. They would probably keep me doing something around in the rear. while the full-grown men would have to do the actual fighting. She said she had read something about "powder monkeys," "Corporals," etc. Weren't they places for boys, where they wouldn't get hurt?

I am going to do something so much bigger than anything that Otto Vogelsong does, that I'll make Miss Impudence ashamed of herself. Do not let her know I think of such a thing, though. I want it to take her by surprise,

Dearest mether, good night. Your loving son, [To be continued.] Origin of Shawl.

[Dry Goods Chronicle.] Julius von Klaproth thus writes about a small mountain clan in Circassia which retains not only the manuer and habits, but even the

chiefly made of woolen cloth, which they weave themselves from the produce of the flocks, and which is admired throughout the whole of Caucasus. They sell their cloth called by them shal, partly to the Nogay, Tartars and Circassians from whom they purchase articles of metal," etc. Shal is believed by many to be the progenitor of the English word shawl.

very name of the Coraxi: "Their dress is

A Canard Exploded. [American Grocer.]

Recent investigation tends to disprove the story of the Hoboken lad who was alleged to have eaten so much honey that he was attacked

A Story of Love and Superstition.

Abby Morton Confronts the Runaway Couple.

CHAPMAN FORGIVEN.

The Fulfillment of "A Great

Resolve." ---

BY OLIVE LOGAN. CHAPTER XIII.

> HE mention of her father's name, the knowledge of his presence under the very roof where she was passing incognito, agitated Abigail Morton so profoundly that for an instant the solid world seemed to quake beneath her feet. Feverishly she passed her delicate hand

erathwart her brow;

aintly she lowered

her eyelids, as though

to shut out from her

gaze the bitter circumstances which were, however, always visible to her heart. Her distress was so marked that the usually obtuse Mrs. Rogers observed it at once, and with rough kind-

"What do you think it is that's keeled you over this way?" she asked pointedly. "Well, you can just bet," said Job Cart- "I'm often took so when I've been a-bending over a hot stove too long. Do you think you went dizzy from basting the chicken?

"It was not the heat from the fire." replied Abigail sadly.

Mrs. Rogers looked grave, and kept her busy tongue still for a minute. Then she cleared her throat and said:

"Look here, Mary, you hain't done no wrong to old man Morton, have you?"



'You'D BETTER GO AND TAKE IT EASY." sharply that she to whom it was addressed blushed like a guilty thing, and hid her burning face behind her trembling hands.

The landlady moved off, suspiciously, until she reached the kitchen table; behind which, as a sort of breastworks, she established herself in a position of defense, and glowered upon the enemy.

"Rogers hez tole me, time an' agin," she observed, dropping each syllable like hot shot," not to harbor no one 'thout gitting a character off of her. There wuz a woman come here when my little Darius was born, care more for her than for any other girl in the fer to do the housework whilst I wuz layin' by, and Rogers wouldn't harbor her, because he couldn't get a character off of her. 'Sophrony,' says he,-an' Sophrony's my fust name-named fer an aunt in Kansas City that died from an ulster on her leg,-'you bet we run this house decent, or I'll know the reason why. Thieves we will not harbor, and them that comes we must have their characters off of them, every time,"

"I could, if I wished, give you a satisfac-



tory character-one that would convince you you are not harboring a thief," replied Abisgail, with grim satire.

But Mrs. Rogers required more tangible evidence of this assertion than mere words. She issued, as the military make a bold sortie, from her coign of vantage; then, like old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard and counted the spoons that were there.

There was something so ridiculous in this proceeding, in view of the real status of her